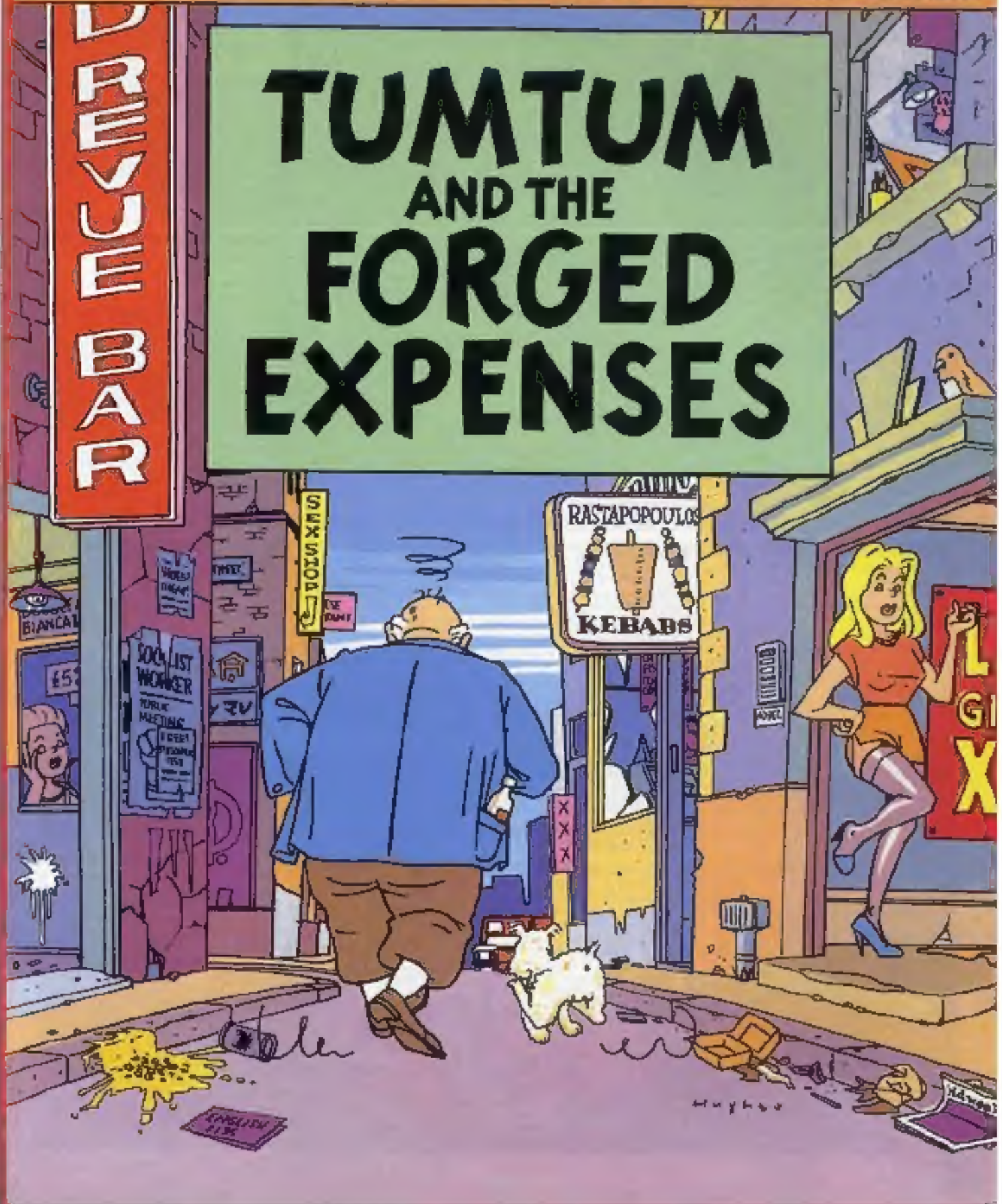


MERDÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TUMTUM, OLD BOY REPORTER

TUMTUM AND THE FORGED EXPENSES



TUMTUM, BOY REPORTER, SOLVES 'SINGING SCARAB' MYSTERY

CARD. TUESDAY. Merged
reporter. Merged. (The
entire page of text covers
involved in a Finnish plan
to smuggle the multi-lam-
inae Spix out of the coun-
try. The villain was killed
by the clown slithering at
the time. The boy reporter,
who singlehandedly re-
solved the case,
PULP STORY PAGES 2 & 3

Blimey, those were the days,
eh Slushy... thirty years ago!
Who'd have thought we'd
end up at Wapping writing
the bleedin' Page Three captions
...eh, Slushy? ... Slushy?

O! Pack that in! I should
never have saved you from that
Doctor Spengler... *

Bastard

* See Tumtum and the Cross-eyed
Vissections!

...ah well, suppose I'd better
do some work this week...
'Curvy Karen is today's Crown
Green Bowling Beauty. Feast
your eyes on her lovely pair of
woods' ... ah, stuff it! What's
the point? - I still can't work
out how to turn on the word
processor... If only something
exciting would happen...

BRING

What's that? 'Guided
Missile... Ayatollah...?
Red Alert...? Very inter-
esting! This needs
investigating!

At last! C'mon, Slushy! This is what we've
been waiting for!

Another early lunch,
Mr Tumtum?

NEWS INTER
RECEPTION

...£100 accumulator on 'Guided Missile'
'Ayatollah' and 'Red Alert' at Kempton Park,
please darlin', and put it on the slate.

Sorry, Mr Tumtum, but the boss says
no more credit 'til you pay your debts.

Tight-fisted bastards! Hey!
I recognise that face! Higgins
of the Globe... he's onto some-
thing! Come on, Slushy...
after him!

So that's his game! Quick,
we've got to beat him to it!

WAPPING OLD STORY

CLASS
WAR

Get him! And with just
seconds to spare!

Oh, hello Mr. Tumtum...
first as usual, eh?

AAARGH!

Give us a vodka! ... Hang
on, you're now here,
aren't you? Where's Fred?

Mr. Fred was taken
mysteriously ill...
I am Chong, replace-
ment barman. A
vodka. Did you say?

Heh Heh...
and now to
add that
special
something

WOOSH

Enjoy your drink,
Mr Tumtum...
Heh heh!

Poisoned! ...You bastard,
you put toxic in that! ...
Give us a treble - and
make it straight this
time!

?



Several hours later...

Bastard landlord! Chucks me out and it's only 4.30! ... Still, I should be able to get a drink over at Haddie's place. ... Must remember to put this down as 'Research Fees' on the expenses form...

But only yards away

Time to move off!

LOOK OUT!!

Slushy, here boy!!

Sorry, gw - he just hobbled out in front of the cab!

Stuff the dog! He can look after himself for once. Take us to Soho, driver...

Twenty minutes later...

Old compton street... that's 64.50 on the clock... call it a fiver, shall we?

All right, you call it a fiver, and I'll call it £15 on my expenses... give us a blank receipt, will you - and hurry up, I've got to meet Captain Haddie.

the Jolly Roger

This is the place... hope he's in!

Captain Haddie?

Tumtum, me boy! Good to see you!

How's business then, Captain?...

Can't complain... used to hear about the Professor, though - what makes a chap like that defect to the East?

Speaking of the old gang, what ever happened to the Trunchbull Twins? I haven't seen them around in ages...

That's because we've been working under cover... we've had our eye on you for some time!

The Trunchbull Twins!

Yes, Tumtum! We know all about your forged expenses claims! Fraud is a very serious offence, you know... you'll go down for this - the Captain's given us all the evidence we need

Sorry, Tumtum, they were going to take my licence away!

Six months later...

TUMTUM, VETERAN REPORTER BUSTED IN SOHO GAY BAR FRAUD SWOOP

Those were the days, eh Slushy?